A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with mee:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I doe not vse to iest.
Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, begge, starue, dye in the streets,
For by my soule, ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall euer doe thee good:
Trust too't, bethinke you, ile not be forsworne. *Exit*

Iuliet. Is there no pittie sitting in the cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you doe not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.

Mo. Talke not to me, for ile not speake a word,
Doe as thou wilt for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*

Iuliet. O God. O *Nurse*, how shall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnlesse that husband send it me from heauen,
By leauing earth: comfort me, counsaile me:
A lacke, a lacke, that heauen should practice stratagems
Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
What saist thou, hast thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort *Nurse*, (nothing,

Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is banished, and all the world to
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he doe, it needs must be my stealth:
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
Romeos a dishclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye

As *Paris* hath, beshrow my ve
I thinke you are happy in this
For it excels your first, or if it
Your first is dead, or twere as
As liuing here and you no vse

Iu. Speakest thou from th
Nur. And from my soule t
Iu. Amen.
Nur. What?
Iu. Well, thou hast comfo
Goe in, and tell my Lady I am
Hauing displeasde my Father,
To make confession, and to be

Nur. Marrie I will, and th
Iu. Auncient damnation, C
Is it more sinne to wish me thu
Or to dispraise my Lord with t
Which she hath praisde him w
So many thousand times? Goe
Thou and my bosome hencefo
Ile to the Frier to know his re
If all else faile, my selfe haue po

Enter Frier *and*

Fri. On Thursday sir, the ti
Pa. My father *Capulet* will
And I am nothing slow to slack

Fri. You say you doe not k
Vneuen is the course, I like it n

Pa. Immoderately she weep
And therefore haue I little talk
For *Venus* smiles not in a house
Now sir, her father counts it dan
That she doth giue her sorrow s
And in his wisedome hasts our m
To stoppe the inundation of her
Which too much minded by her
May be put from her by societie

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34